

NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers...

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 square, 1 column, 1 line, 1 inch, 1 cent.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA.

W. H. REIFSNYDER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER, Practical Dentist, Office opposite the Methodist Church.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE, Physician & Surgeon, Office on Main Street.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE, Physician & Surgeon, MADISONBURG, PA.

D. R. A. W. HAFER, Surgeon & Dentist, Office on Penn Street, South of Luth. church.

W. J. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Having had many years of experience...

G. GEORGE L. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor.

O. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, Ellis L. Orvis, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

D. H. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

W. M. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

B. BEAVER & GEPHART, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

B. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN, PROPRIETOR.

CUMMINS HOUSE, BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

EMANUEL BROWN, PROPRIETOR.

S. T. ELMO HOTEL, Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort.

IRVIN HOUSE, (Most Central Hotel in the city.) CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR. Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

PEABODY HOTEL, 9th St. South of Chestnut, PHILADELPHIA.

One Square South of the New Post Office, one-half Square from Walnut St. Theatre and in the very business centre of the city.

P. H. MUSSER, JEWELER, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work neatly and promptly Executed.

Shop on Main Street, Millheim, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE. FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 10, 1884. Examinations for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to students of both sexes, and offers the following courses of study: 1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.

AT Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's BAKERY, on Penn street, south of race bridge, Millheim, Pa.

Bread, Pies & Cakes of superior quality can be bought at any time and in any quantity.

ICE CREAM AND FANCY CAKES or Weddings, Picnics and other social gatherings promptly made to order.

Call at her place and get your supplies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m

MILLHEIM Sewing Machine OFFICE,

F. O. HOSTERMAN, Proprietor, Main St., opposite Campbell's store.

World's Leader AND THE WHITE SEWING MACHINES, the most complete machines in market.

Each machine is guaranteed for five years by the companies.

The undersigned also constantly keeps on hand all kinds of Needles, Oil Attachments, &c. &c.

Second Hand Machines sold at exceedingly low prices. Repairing promptly attended to.

Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements. F. O. HOSTERMAN.

A LITERARY EFFORT.

'Are you satisfied, my daughter?' 'More than satisfied, papa.'

'What is it you desire, papa?' 'Nellie, I have given you every advantage in regard to education—have tried to make you a cultivated and accomplished woman—and now I do not want to see you throw yourself away upon any one who cannot appreciate you.

'But, papa, I love Charley, and he loves me.'

'Yes, my child, I suppose so; but you are both very young, and have seen little of the world. He did very well when we were plain, simple people, living in the country; but now it is quite different thing. We live in another world altogether. I do not demand money with your future husband—I have enough for all concerned—but talent I do require.'

'Oh, papa, I cannot give up Charley! Where shall I find another like him?—so good, and kind, and devoted?'

'Thousands of them, my dear—thousands of them. He may not prove any better husband for being so devoted now. Matrimony is the thing that tries men's souls—and constancy.'

'I do not believe that Charley will deceive me—and he loved me too before we were rich. We never shall know, when a new lover comes, whether it is myself or my money he cares for.'

'Oh, well, my dear, young men are not all mercenary. There are plenty of fine, young fellows, ready to love you for your own sweet self.'

'Perhaps Charley can write!' mused Nellie. 'He never has tried, I know, and he may be a great genius without suspecting it. I am sure that he is clever enough to do almost anything.'

'Geniuses do not live to be twenty-five years old without suspecting their own powers. The trouble is generally that they are too eager to suspect them. But I promise you this, my daughter: If Charley can paint a good picture, or furnish a successful article for the paper, I will consent to the match.'

'Oh, Charley, the young girl said to her lover that night, 'can't you paint a picture?'

'Paint a picture, Nell! Are you crazy?'

'No, dear—but papa is—or else he has got a new hobby, which comes to nearly the same thing. I suppose he is aesthetic, and I think it is just awful. But now, dear, don't you think that you could paint something?'

'Nellie, why don't you ask me if I can fly?—like a bat, or a winged-squirrel?'

'But every one paints now.'

'Indeed! How do they do it?'

You will write an article for the paper—a successful one, too.'

'Nellie, I tell you again, dear, that I have no literary talent whatever. It has been pretty hard sometimes even to write letters to you, whom I love better than all the world. How then could I write a successful story?'

'Horrible! Ask me something reasonable—to swim a thousand miles, or kill half a dozen tigers—but write a poem! Good heavens, Nell, it's a suicide! I could not make a rhyme to save my life—or even your life, darling.'

'Now it cannot be so very hard! A little poem upon spring, for instance, to begin with. Something about budding leaves, and perfumes of the sod, and young men's hopes, and aching voids, and all that sort of thing.'

'It gives me an aching void to think of it! And the rhymes! Oh, Nell! the rhymes!'

'Take a dictionary—some poets do that. Find a number of appropriate words to rhyme in pairs, put them down on the paper, and then write up to them.'

'But where does the sentiment come in?'

'Oh, that must work in of itself.'

'It is a hopeless case, darling. I am very sorry that I am not a genius—but nature did not make me one, you know. And a poem? Oh, it's fearful!'

'A story then, Charley—you surely could write a story?'

'Stories must have plots, Nell, and plots do require some imagination.'

'But can't you tell something that has happened to your friends? Truth is stranger than fiction, you know.'

'Farmers' boys are not apt to have many adventures, Nell. My friends in the country did nothing more romantic than digging turnips and potatoes.'

'But did you never have any thrilling experiences yourself, Charley?'

'This is the most thrilling experience in my life, and I hope that it will be the last one of that nature.'

'Perhaps you had better try an essay?'

'Jerusalem!'

looking at the paper a short time, he went to work, and absolutely wrote one whole page.

'He was triumphant, and began to think that he might have mistaken his own powers after all.'

'I'll take it to Nell after breakfast,' he said, 'and let her read it. It is not such a bad beginning, I am sure.'

'Skies, of course. You didn't suppose I meant grass and leaves, did you? I hate green eyes!'

'Then let me put in skies. Her luxuriant yellow hair hung in heavy masses down to her heels! Goodness! you wouldn't have her go round the streets with her hair hanging down to her heels? How she would look!'

'It would be splendid! And see here, Nell, if you're going to criticize me in that way, it's a little too much. I don't believe you could do any better yourself.'

'Perhaps not; but I should know enough of ordinary propriety not to let a young woman go marching round the city with her sandy hair dangling down to her heels.'

'I don't say anything about her marching through the city. And I tell you that I'll not try to write if you make fun of me in that way. Sitting up half the night to write a story, just because your father is such an old—'

'Stop, Charles Barrett, right off! I'll not have my dear good father abused; and if you're so awfully stupid that you cannot even write—'

'Yes, yes—now abuse me, because I'm not another Bulwer or Dickens! I'll go home, and you may find another, and more clever—'

He had almost reached the door, when Nellie sprung after him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, begged his forgiveness in a way that would have melted the heart of Diogenes himself.

'Of course Charles capitulated immediately, and a little oscillatory performance was gone through with, which seemed to be wonderfully soothing to both parties.'

Then they went back to the story, and Nellie continued: 'She was called Violetta, because her eyes were like the summer violets.'

'Well, erase it, if you choose—only there'll be another space to fill up.'

'Say that they called her Violetta, because her eyes were so blue. That will take up nearly as much room.'

'She was gentle, tender, docile and submissive.' Now, Charley, you need not imagine that I am going to be so terribly submissive. I have a mind of my own.'

'But I was not thinking of you.'

but, as he said, it helped to fill up the pages, which of course was the main thing.

'You are not going to kill Violetta, are you, Charley?' Nellie inquired, one day, with evident concern.

'Kill her?' he repeated, savagely; 'indeed I do intend it! I should like to stab her—poison her—torture her in the most horrible manner—in return for all the misery she has occasioned me.'

'Oh, I would not kill her! People always take to have stories end well.'

'Nellie, I must have my own way in this—for it will be the only satisfaction that I can have in the whole thing! And it must be no easy death either! I read once of a woman who was wall-eyed up to her throat, and then left to perish. If I could think of something equally horrible I should begin to consider myself quite a genius.'

And he did kill Violetta, sure enough; but he compromised with Nellie, and allowed her to die respectably and comfortably in her bed, with her disconsolate friend weeping in a circle around her.

When it was all finished, he literally danced for joy.

Then he took it to his loving critic, who copied it very neatly and eligibly, making some discreet alterations, especially in regard to the stupendous toilettes, as she termed them.

'Now, Charley,' she said, 'it is very nice, and will be a success, I am sure. Where do you intend to take it?'

'I shall take it to Rob Hunter, who has charge of the story-department of his paper; and he will accept it, I think. If he demurs at all, I shall offer him fifty dollars to publish it.'

'But isn't that rather an unusual proceeding, Charley?'

'Well, this is an unusual story, you know, and we cannot expect to make our arrangements in the ordinary way entirely.'

However, the desired object was accomplished; and then Nellie went to a friend, in another editorial office, and asked her to copy the sketch, and to try to get it copied by some other papers also.

'But, Nellie,' said the lady, 'this is not a striking effort. Did one of your friends write it?'

'Yes,' she answered, with a blush; and then she told the circumstances, fully and frankly.

'Well, I will copy it,' was the good-natured reply; 'but, if I were you, I would advise Mr. Barrett not to write anything more of the kind.'

'No fear of that,' she answered, with a merry laugh.

A New Crime Under the Sun.

When Old Anderson Brumley announced himself as candidate for justice of the peace, the people of Buck Short township felt that the time when they were to have an able and upright administration of judicial affairs had arrived.

Old Brumley had never opened a law book; therefore he was regarded as honest. He had never hesitated to take off his coat and fight the best man in the neighborhood; therefore he was considered able. He had never been backward in denouncing his enemies; consequently he was regarded as a citizen of wisdom.

With these accomplishments, his election, in the expressive parlance of politics, was a "walk over." Shortly after Brumley took his seat on the red oak woosack, a man named Billy Malone was arrested for stealing a grindstone.

'This here is a mighty important case,' said the magistrate, when the culprit had been arraigned before court. In looking over these here law books, I don't find no mention of grind-stones. It was a big oversight in our legislature not to put down grind-stones in the books, for it mout have been known that some blamed rascal in this part o' the state was agoin' to steal one. Folks in this here part of the country, let me tell you, will steal anything. Wa'al in the absence o' any statutory burin' on the subject, reckon I'll make this here charge manslaughter in the first degree.'

'Your honor,' said a lawyer, 'that would be impossible.'

'Would it? Wa'al I'll jes show you I'm running this here court.'

'Your honor—'

'Call me judge, if you please.'

'Well, judge, there is no such thing as manslaughter in the first degree.'

'Ain't that? Well, I'll jes show you I'm running this here court. Prisoner at the bar, I have longed for a opportunity o' teachin' a lesson to the risin' generation. You have given me that chance. I don't delight in seein' a man fall from grace, but when he does fall, that ain't nothin' that pleases me so much as to tangle my hand in the ruffles o' his calico shirt. Manslaughter is a mighty serious charge, young feller.'

'I ain't slaughtered no man, yit, judge.'

'Shet your mouth, impudent violator o' the sacred law o' the land. No matter what you done, an' when a man disputes my word, w'y he'd better wish that his bones was made outen Injun rubber an' his back kivered with the skin o' a yaligator. Young outzager o' the principles o' civilization, for this great crime of manslaughter in the first degree, I sentences you to be hung next Friday.'

'Judge,' exclaimed the lawyer, springing to his feet, 'this proceeding is impossible.'

'Is it? Wa'al I'll jes show you I'm runnin' this court. When you get to be a judge, I won't come aroun' tellin' you what you can do an' what you can't.'

'Great Caesar, judge, such a course as you are taking is a violation of the State Constitution.'

'It it? Wa'al I'll jes repeal the State Constitution right here. This feller oughter be hung, an' if I had catch him ten days ago, whuther or not he had committed manslaughter in the first degree or stole a grind-stone in the second, which is the same, I wuld have sentenced him to be hung. Mr. Constable take charge o' this man, an' see that he is hung up in a respectable manner. Any lawyer what don't wunter be served in the same way had better keep his mouth shet. I'm runnin' this court.'

A Frightened Lark.

We can vouch for the accuracy of the following very unusual circumstance: While Mr. Alexander Shaw was in the fields the other day he heard cries of a bird apparently in distress. Looking up he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which, by a series of fierce dashes, tried to secure his prey; but the lark was successful in evading the attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror-struck, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but seeing what had occurred it flew off in disgust.